DG
806
.M15

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
Chap. DC806
Shelf .M15
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Privately Printed.
Written by Charles Mackenzie
of Leaton & Mackenzie Book-
binders Edinburgh.

A TRIP TO ROME.

A

TRIP TO ROME

IN

1869

By C. M.

2
2013

[Edinburgh]

PRINTED PRIVATELY BY R. CLARK

1869.

DG 806
.M15

My Dear B . . . ,

I can only now say that I am in a fair way of jogging on, having been a good deal put out of my way.

As you are aware, we left on the 29th January, in the evening, so we arrived next morning, and, after breakfasting, etc., I made several calls of a business nature, and finished at the Alhambra in the evening. The ballet-girls very fine, especially in the understandings, and nowise loath to let them be seen. The prima danseuse displayed as much as possible of as beautiful a pair of legs and hips as you ever saw, covered of course ; but, as Milton says, " light that only made the darkness visible." She had on a flimsy, gauzy, or, I should rather say, gazeous pair of drawers, through which you could easily see up to her waist.

On (31*st*) Sunday we strolled about seeing the improvements, and especially the Thames Embankment. Mrs. W . . . . joined us from Liverpool in the evening.

Feb. 1*st*. Made a few more calls, and in the evening went to the Drury Lane pantomime, which was about the worst I ever saw. I don't think it would have run in Edinburgh a week; and the music even was bad.

2*d*. Visited the Tower, and went through the armoury; saw the crown jewels, and, among other things, the block on which Kilmarnock, Balmerino, etc., laid down their heads for their last nap. The old chapel is very curious; although 800 years old it seems as if it had just been finished (I mean the stone-work) and was waiting for the joiners, the stones being as white and clean as when taken from the quarry. To-day we dined with Mr. D . . . ., an artist. Saw some very pretty Scotch views, and a fine view of St. Abb's Head in a storm, with a floating wreck. He was just sending them to the Exhibition of Water Colours. We had a jolly night, a pretty large party, and got home after midnight.

3*d*. Went to the Thames Tunnel, at which they are working away at both ends, for the pur-

pose, I believe, of running a railway through it; then we went to the forenoon performance at the Lyceum, which was beautiful—the transformation scene magnificent; I think it is the finest in London. In the evening we went to the Holborn, Fanny Joseph's (or, as she is called here, Lady Clinton) Theatre; it is a pretty clean little place; the acting no great deal, except Fanny herself and Honey, whom you will remember at the Operetta House.

4*th*. Went to Covent Garden, and saw Robinson Crusoe—a very fine pantomime indeed; the transformation scene is said to have cost £3000. I went and saw Toole, who inquired after and desired to be remembered to you and Mrs. B....

5*th*. Left London at mid-day, and arrived in Paris at eleven P.M., after a most beautiful sail, the sea as smooth as glass, comfortable and warm till sunset, which was glorious—one of those Turner liked so well to paint, and which I never believed he saw till now. We landed before dark, and at once got the train, which was waiting for us, and on we went. In Paris, we went to the Hotel d'Harcourt, a very nice house, and not at all expensive.

6*th.* Did a few churches, the Madeleine, etc., which having seen a dozen times before, will pass them over without comment. After dinner we strolled up the Boulevards des Italiens, and sat down in front of one of the *cafés*, looking at the people passing. This being carnival time, a considerable latitude is allowed, both in keeping places open and mischief-making among the people. Numbers go about in mumming costumes; women in men's, and men in women's clothes; some like jockeys, and some like the sailors in a pantomime; others like clowns, and some one half of one thing and the other half of another. We sat there till half-past eleven o'clock P.M., and then went to the Valentino to a masked ball, but it was scarcely worth the trouble. It was simply coarse. Lots of large dairies in full view, legs do., but nothing fine; lots of fantastic dresses such as I mentioned having seen on the Boulevards. Two fellows had large boots, the soles uppermost, for hats; one wench had a pair of large tin pails for ear-rings, some were half-naked, and altogether very queer.

7*th.* To-day was the great "Bœuf Gras" day of the carnival. Tuesday should be it; but I was told it is generally the first day that is the

best. Of course all the dresses and decorations are fresh.

The procession consisted of a few sergens de ville, who drove the crowd forward. They were followed by some mounted soldiers, behind whom came a marshal of the sixteenth century on horseback, then lots of knights in various styles of armour, till it ended by what seemed a troop of templars; then came a large state carriage or rather platform, on which stood, decorated with ribbons and flowers, the Bœuf Gras, a jolly-looking beast, weighing 1500 kilos., or about 3500 lbs. On the platform with him were his attendants, all carefully dressed; some more guards, and then another state car, in which, dressed after the antique, were the heathen gods and goddesses of the Roman Pantheon, the eating and drinking ones being the most prominent—Ceres, Bacchus, Satyrs, and Bacchantes.

On the first day they visit the Tuilleries, the British and Turkish embassies, and the Jockey Club. At the first it is said they get £100, at the second and third £40 each, and I don't know what they get at the Jockey Club. On the two following days they call on some of the minor legations, etc., and get what they can.

After dinner we again took a place in front of a *café* in the Boulevards des Italiens, and saw lots more of fantastically dressed mummers. A *sign of the times* among the demi-monde is to display a small portion of a white petticoat when walking; and also when sitting it is conspicuously displayed a *leetle* above the boot; of course they sit cross-legged.

In the evening (half-past ten) went to the Prè-au-clercs, but left very soon. Neither the masks nor the fun were worth seeing.

8*th.* Made several purchases, for a friend, of pictures, etc., and a score of photographs to complete my own private collection; and then took the rail to Lyons, arriving there about seven A.M., and went to bed for three hours.

9*th.* Had breakfast; went and saw three silk-factories, of different kinds, the velvet one very curious. It may show a little how public feeling runs here, when I tell you that when they make any bad work which requires to be undone, it is said to be for the King of Prussia. Among the churches, I think St. John's the finest. The windows of the chapels of the Kings of France are beautiful, but are not seen

to advantage, being surrounded by high houses which shut out the light.

10*th*. Left for Avignon, where the first thing we saw was a little donkey-cart filled with drunken revellers keeping carnival, although, according to the laws of the church, it finished yesterday, and we had not gone far before we came upon several others. I don't think, putting all the times I have been on the Continent together, I ever saw so many drunken people; every town was the same. I suppose it is the carnival time that excuses it; however, there stands the fact.

This is a quaint old place with its old palace, now barracks. Its fine old Notre Dame, standing on the hill-top, overlooking the country to a great distance in every direction; the Rhone at your feet, traceable a long way back its course, with its tributaries falling in here and there, like little ribbons fluttering till they meet into a broad band round the waist of a French belle. I wonder they have never repaired the old Roman bridge, the half of which is standing in the river. It is a curious spectacle. We lett this for Marseilles about seven P.M., and arrived late at night. The views along here were magnifi-

cent, but darkness soon put an end to them. Trying in spite of fate to see them, I managed to get a fearful cold, and yet the weather was not cold; but I suppose the damp grey mist from the Rhone did it. N'importe.

11*th*. There is not much to be seen at Marseilles, except the magnificent harbour and docks, a triumphal arch to Louis Napoleon, one or two statues, and one or two fine new streets, that of the Imperial said to have cost 18,000,000 francs. Having DONE Marseilles, we took the express to Nice. I meant to have called at Cannes on Willie Stewart, but my cold was so bad that I thought it safer to get on here, where I purpose remaining a few days, than perhaps having to lay myself up at Cannes. I, however, wrote him from here. So, if you see Mr. R. S .... about the Bay, you can tell him this, and that I told him I would leave his Masonic Reporter any place he would indicate.

I cannot describe the loveliness, the grandeur, the beauty of the ride to this place, the beautiful sea-view of the Mediterranean, the bright sun, the brilliant flowers, all like midsummer—the oranges hanging on the trees, all tempting you to lie down and listlessly enjoy the scene. On

our arrival we went to the Hotel de France, the windows of which look out upon the Mediterranean; and, when I opened my eyes in the morning, I was quite overpowered to see the far distant stretch of the deep blue sea, without ever raising my head from the pillow. Mr. W . . . . 's two daughters and Dick S . . . . are here; we called on them, and they intend going on with us. They told us the Hotel de France was a dear place, and recommended us to another, where, if we were to stop a few days, we could make a bargain; and so we did, and don't regret it, as our bill for the one night at the 'France' was quite big enough.

12*th.* There is nothing very particular to see here in the shape of public buildings or churches. In one or two of the latter we have been, but nothing worth noting. The place is very gay; the "Promenade Anglaise" is crowded from ten A.M. till dark; nearly all strangers—Britons, Americans, Germans, and weakly French. It is the finest promenade I ever saw: on one side are all the finest hotels, and on the other the sea; between which, however, and the promenaders is a high hedge quite thick enough to keep out any cold breeze.

13*th.* Took a boat and had a sail. It was very fine to lie back in the stern and blow your own steam. We tried to get on shore at a point where a new castle is being erected, but owing to a heavy roll which was not perceptible when we were sailing, we could not, as, when within a boat's length of the rock, the boat was lifted quite suddenly about four feet, and then drawn out again by the receding of the water, to be lifted in again and run the risk of getting some of the sharp-pointed rocks through her bottom, so we gave it up and tried another place, where we succeeded, dismissed the boat, and went into a café, where we did brandy and lemonade.

14*th.* This has been an idle kind of day; Mrs. M. has not been at all well, confined to her room, and I am not much better, having caught a very severe cold, my nose is about the size of a jargonelle, and as varied in colour as some of your specimens of red and white marble. Blow it! I'll be blowed if I can! We have had to breakfast in our own room. I made an attempt to dine at the table d'hôte, but did not enjoy it.

I forgot to mention the velocipedes; they are all the rage on the Continent just now. In Paris they run along all the Boulevards and public

places, some of the riders dressed like jockeys —somewhat gayer colours than our jockeys ; then they have velocipede Derbys—some of the prizes, I have heard, are valuable—the speed obtained being wonderful—two miles in ten and a half minutes. Here they are a perfect nuisance ; you always expect to be run into, when, just at the moment of the expected collision, a sudden jerk and you don't know where they have gone to. I think the rascals do it on purpose : once or twice I have had my fist clenched, to act by way of a buffer if they came near me. Taking a turn in the evening, discovered a shop in which we got a bottle of very good whisky, and I need not tell you it soon disappeared in clouds of steam arising from the boiling water.*

15*th*. Having exhausted this place we took our tickets direct for Naples, and afterwards got another bottle of aqua, which served us to pass our last night in Nice. I do not think it a good winter place for invalids, although the sun is warm, and the air mild while he is shining, yet there is always a cold air, wind, or breeze, as the case may be, from the snow-covered Alps.

16*th*. Left Nice nine A.M., and, after a beautiful coasting voyage, reached Genoa in the evening.

* See Note A.

going to an hotel, and after a cup of tea took a stroll about the town, which at night is a very curious place, with its narrow streets and high houses, and anything but a respectable-looking population.

17*th*. We *did* about a dozen churches. The cathedral is very fine: saw the pictures, etc., and the Chapel of the Baptist, where his relics are kept in an iron-bound chest under the altar. Mrs. M. and the ladies were for coming in to see them also, but the sacristan would not allow them, it being forbidden for woman's foot to profane the sanctuary, on pain of having their heads chopped off, as Herodias did to John himself. The finest, however, of all was L'Annunziata; the gilding and marbles are magnificent. San Matteo is also worth seeing; built of alternate layers of black and white marbles, covered with inscriptions recording the deeds of the Doria family, by whom it was built, and where a lot of them are lying.

Near to this is the palace given to Andrea Doria by the republic, about which there is nothing remarkable. We drove round the town, and saw most, if not all, the outsides of the palaces, and made an attempt to see the Palazzo

Reale, but could not, owing to some of the royal family being in it ; then the Pallavicini, in which there are a few good pictures, some pretty pieces of sewed-work by the present Marchese. We also saw the Palace Surazzo, in which are a few Vandykes, and a Venus and Adonis by Domenichino, which pleased me as well as any of the pictures of Genoa. About this time we dropt upon the Concordia, and as it is the best restaurant in Genoa, we put off half-an-hour there in a very agreeable manner, and then resumed our drive through the principal streets till dinner time, when we sat down at the table d'hôte and had a very good dinner, and then went aboard the steamer again, where, for about two hours, from seven till nine o'clock, three girls played on the guitar and violin, and sung some beautiful airs, among others "God save the Queen," and "Home, sweet Home," the latter beautifully. They made sundry collections during the evening, and, as far as I could judge, with much success.

After a tumbler of brandy and water hot, we turned in and awoke in the morning lying off Leghorn.

18*th.* After breakfasting on board we landed,

and finding there was nothing to see in Leghorn, took a carriage and pair—being about as cheap and much more comfortable than the railway—and drove to Pisa. Took a guide whom we picked up at the cathedral; but, just as we were going in, from behind one of the corners there started out a figure about six feet high, clothed in a black glazed gown, a black mask closely fitting his face to the bottom of his cheeks, and then hung down loosely like a beard over his breast, his two eyes staring out something unearthly like; in one hand he held a broad brimmed hat from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 feet across; in the other a small oak box, on which was painted "Miserecordia." Half frightened I looked at the guide, who whispered, "Give him something." Half frantically I gave him half-a-franc and passed on; but in about a minute I turned round, but he had vanished as suddenly as he appeared. I thought I perceived a slight blue flame where he stood, but could not be certain. I asked the others if they saw anything strange, but they had no recollection, not yet having got over their fright. We did not see a cloven foot nor any appearance of a caudal appendage; but returning about half-an-hour afterwards, we felt

the slightest taint of sulphur where he had disappeared. The cathedral is very fine, it has twenty-four marble pillars all different, and its mosaics are beautiful; its bronze doors are also fine specimens. Then we went to the baptistery, with its wonderful echo; the sound is said to be repeated eleven times, and the last echo lasts one minute and fifty-three seconds. Service is only celebrated here twice a-year—St. John's days; but baptisms are performed every day if necessary, and by immersion. A party who was before us saw a child put in neck and crop. There are some mosaics here, ancient and modern, very good. The pulpit is also magnificent, erected in 1260. Our next visit was to the Campo Santo, a quadrangular gallery erected in the twelfth century to receive fifty-three ships' loads of earth from Mount Calvary, brought away by the Christians when expelled from the Holy Land by Saladin. So, just to say I had been there, I took a turn over the Holy Land.

The Campo Santo is an open gallery 417 × 138 feet, and 46 feet high. The corridors filled with graves, or rather tomb-stones; as, besides the monuments of those buried here, there are many belonging to those buried elsewhere.

The walls are covered with what were once paintings by the great Tuscan masters, but they are sadly mutilated by time, and I suppose exposure to the air. There are also some antique statuary, and one or two very fine modern busts and monuments; a good bust of Cavour, a fine monumental statue of Catalani, etc., etc. Our next visit was to the Leaning Tower, which we all ascended to the top. The view is said to be magnificent, but I could see nothing but a vast plain, and the hills in the distance—the Arno creeping lazily to the sea through a marshy plain; indeed, it is the most worthless view I ever heard praised; it is extensive enough, but no variety. One thing is curious about this place—viz. that when the Pisan vessels brought the holy earth it was then a seaport, and the vessels landed at the town, whereas I believe the nearest sea is now about twelve miles off. We got back to Leghorn in time for dinner, and afterwards went on board the steamer, and took one and turned in, the steamer being to sail at eleven P.M. Had a good sleep, and awoke about

(19*th*.) 8 A.M., a stiff breeze blowing, and half the people sick. When I got on deck we were just passing Elba, the place of Napoleon I.'s

first banishment—a thick disagreeable morning. I was very glad when they called us to breakfast, as that occupied about an hour and a half. It kept fair all day, with occasional glimpses of the sun, and so we got a sight of the coast now and then. I was much disappointed. It was very low for a long way inland. About dinner-time we came in sight of Mount Assumption, a very high mountain between Civita Vecchia and Naples, and shortly after the island of Ponza; and then, standing a little more east, we began to pick out the lights upon the various islands at the entrance of the Bay of Naples. Vesuvius then came in sight, but being dark, and it in a quiet humour, we could but faintly make it out with its *cluster* of smoke on the top. At eleven o'clock P.M. we arrived at the Hotel des Etrangers, where I now sit. Before getting this length, however, we had a row with the boatman who brought us ashore. We paid him a five-lire piece for the five of us, with which he was contented (exact fare); but an after-thought struck him, that, as strangers, he would do us, and thereupon he followed us to the quay and began an infernal row, saying he wanted more money. Of course we said no; telling him in our

best Italian—having studied the sentence to be ready before leaving the steamer—that we were five, and had paid five lire, which was the fare. He then swore we had only paid for four (quatro); we said cinque (five). He got in such a passion that, having laughed at the fun for a time, I also lost my temper; and, having exhausted my Italian, and he not understanding French, I opened upon him till a crowd gathered, and didn't I pose him! I seized and ordered him (in English) to empty his pockets and show his money. I ordered all our folks into the cab which was waiting, and with a farewell d—n, jumped in myself and drove off.

20*th*. I got up in the morning and took a short walk before breakfast, to see Vesuvius, and, under the circumstances, considered it a *sell*. It was just like Arthur's Seat as seen from Joppa on a fine spring morning, when the white mist sitting on the top reflects the just risen sun. From our windows the bay and the city were beautiful in the rising sun, the white houses skirting the bay having a fine pinky tinge from the sun's rays, and the blue waters glittering with the slight ripple caused by their rolling into the bay. After breakfast we strolled about, called

on Dr. S . . . .; he was out, but I left a card, and turned up the street St. Nardones, and lo and behold, coming down the same street, we met Mr. D. . . ., who had been here nine days, and who was to sail the same day for Corfu *en route* for Alexandria and the Pyramids. We adjourned to liquor, after which we went to the custom-house to get our baggage, which we could not get last night, Mr. D . . . . accompanying us. It was now one P.M., and in another hour he was to bid farewell to Naples. "Man proposes, God disposes." He called in at the office where he had paid his passage-money, and told them he had met his friends for whom he had been waiting to go to Rome; asked if they could give him back his money, and let him off, which they did in the most polite manner; and now we have joined forces, and go on together to our mutual enjoyment. Through a friend of his our luggage was cleared, and sent to our hotel without any trouble on our part. Passing Dr. S . . . .'s door, we called again, and had a glass or two of Marsala, which, as the day was hot and dusty, proved very refreshing. We then did a drive along the Chiaja, saw the rank and fashion, and returned to the hotel to dinner when it got dark.

21*st.* We visited, in the forenoon, the museum, which, however, is still uncatalogued, and only provisionally arranged. It is a glorious collection, and I must give it one or two entire days if I can at all. The library, with its 200,000 volumes, is a magnificent room, and at the due south point in the room is a small hole in the roof to allow the sun's rays to come in ; and on the floor is a stripe of brass to mark the meridian, on each side of which are marked the zodiacal signs corresponding to the months of the year—the summer on one side, the winter on the other, and the degrees marking the length of the sun's ray, or his altitude in the heavens ; I did not note particularly which. We then went to the post office to inquire for letters, and got none; the officials were very polite, asked our hotel, and told us if any came they would send them. By-the-bye, I wish you would send me the *Weekly Scotsman*, beginning with the 13th February, or if that can't be had, the ones after. We heard yesterday of the death of Professor Strangeways ; he was an intimate friend of D . . . .'s as well as an acquaintance of my own. In the afternoon we took a couple of cabs, and drove out on the road to Pozzuoli—a beau-

tiful drive, lined with villas, principally on the right hand ; every now and again the road overhangs the bay. There are some Roman ruins on the way, but we had not time to stop at them, nor to go far enough to see the best of them. On returning we had a very fine view of Vesuvius, the smoke issuing from three very distinct places. The villages at the bottom, and the hermitage half up the hill, were all very distinct. After dinner we had a smoke, which brought us to half-past eight P.M., and, being Sunday, we did not go out again in deference to the ladies ; but, looking over the wine-carte to see if we could "summon spirits from the vasty deep," we saw the chance of a bottle of L.L., and called the waiter, who looked first at us and then at the carte, and then descended to the cellar with an awfully doubtful-looking countenance, and returned in about a quarter of an hour—what a long quarter it was—with his face beaming, holding a bottle triumphantly in his hands, which proved to be the Simon Pure. Soon we had the hot water and sugar, and, lighting our cigars, it was not long before bedtime came and the lord-lieutenant went.

22*d.* Of all the sights that I have seen, Naples

to-day presented the most miserable. It rained the whole day, and a stiff breeze from the south-west brought with it what we look for as an east haar. The streets were gutters, and you could not see half across the bay ; the houses looked dingy and dirty, and the squalid, miserable, drookit lazzaroni seemed the very picture of despair. The ladies never left the hotel ; once or twice they ventured on the balcony, only to be driven in again.

We took a cab, trying to discover if it might be any better outside : went as far as the post-office, but it would not do ; it poured, and even the cab would not keep out the rain, so we had to return and solace ourselves smoking till bed-time. I forgot to mention, when at Genoa, taking a walk along the promenade in front of the harbour, we saw, on looking over, a lot of fellows at their ablutions ; it was a queer sight,—some half-dozen men standing at each of the wells or fountains stripped to the waist—so long as their trousers stopped up as far, which was not always the case—scrubbing away at themselves, one occasionally helping the other. On one particular occasion we called the attention of the ladies to a group of them, like so many athletes (un)

dressed for the combat, and were rewarded by a punch in the ribs.

23*d*. The day looks somewhat better, but it rained hard all night till six this morning. The sun is shining, but the wind is still from the southward, although not nearly so strong, and to windward it still looks cloudy.

It has showered occasionally all day. Just before going out in the morning we were, as usual, serenaded by a number of lusty lazy-looking musicians, who, in addition, gave us a dance; it was at first something like the slow movements of our reels. It was danced by two men setting to each other and going round; and at last they turned their other ends to each other and set, their hips coming thwack against each other six or eight times. I began to think, however much the spectators enjoyed it, it must have been rather painful to the performers.

We drove out to-day to see a church or two, and went first to San Martino on St. Elmo, the marbles in which are magnificent. The frescoes on the roof and the inlaid wood-work are also very fine. There are a number of beautiful paintings in the church, the chapels, choir, and sacristy, by some of the old masters, to describe

which would be on my part a waste of time, not to mention the trouble. The cloisters are also fine, with their marble pillars, in the centre of which was the monks' cemetery. There are no monks; Victor Emmanuel has turned all the lazy buffers about their business, having suppressed nearly all the monasteries, pensioning out with a *small* sum the present monks, but new ones must look out for themselves. There is also in the treasury of this church a rare collection of relics in the shape of bones, teeth, and other *very* interesting subjects, nicely arranged in glass cases. I at first thought it was the dentist's room of the establishment, but was rebuked, either for my ignorance or want of faith, I don't know which. Passing through the cloisters to the Belvidere, we had a magnificent view of the Bay, Vesuvius, and the country round, fairly making up for the toil to reach it. By the barometer, which we set at the bottom of the hill, it must be upwards of 700 feet high. I said we drove to it, but that was a figure of speech, as, before we had made one-third of the ascent, we had to leave the carriage and come out and walk. Had it not been for the honour of the thing, we should have saved the price of

the cab; however, we were very glad to get it coming down.

Next we visited the Duomo or Cathedral, in which is the blood of St. Januarius, which liquefies occasionally—when the priests are in want of funds I suppose. This is also a magnificent church; the paintings both on the roofs of the nave and transepts are very fine, as also those in the side chapels. There are also a number of fine marble tombs. The confessional of St. Januarius, under the altar, is also an elaborate piece of work, being entirely of marble, every bit of the walls and ceiling being carved. Here is a kneeling statue of Cardinal Carafa, who built it. The next church was St. Severo. This is a private chapel, or rather, I should think, a place of tombs. In it three beautiful pieces of statuary, one of an angel veiled, the veil entirely covering her, and the features, etc., being all distinctly seen through. There is also a man in a net, being loosed from it by a little angel; and in a crypt at the side, below the chapel, a dead Christ with a sheet over him—a most exquisite piece of work. It is said that the Emperor of Russia offered its weight in gold for this.

In the evening we went to San Carlo, and saw first Marta, which was very well done, and afterwards Fiammella. This was entirely dumb show, but was very interesting. There was a magnificent and numerous ballet. The principal danseuse was the best dancer I ever saw; her movements wonderful and graceful, and the stage tricks quite new. Sometimes she leapt from the floor to the top of a cabinet about 4½ feet high, continuing her dance all the time. Another time she went as if going out at a door, and when she came up to it, suddenly she went up the side of it, about 10 feet high, gave a kind of spring to the top of the cabinet, and from that to the floor. She was a kind of demon, luring a fellow *down stairs*, having a sprite as a fellow-worker; and the old gentleman looked in occasionally to see how the work got on. We stayed till about twelve P.M., and got home somewhat wearied with our hard day's work.

24*th.* Monday and Tuesday had both been set apart for Pompeii, but the barometer forbade, and rightly too, for they turned out dirty days, as I have already mentioned; but to-day was favourable, so we drove to it through Torre del Greco, a dirty kind of fishing-village, past the

lava-quarries, through Torre dell' Annunziata, famed for flour-mills and maccaroni. With the latter the streets seemed lined all the way along, hung upon long sticks, much the same as yarn at a bleaching-place. We reached Pompeii, a description of which you can get from the guide-book. To me it was the grandest sight I ever saw. I could almost fancy I saw the oil-merchant at his store, and the baker taking his blackened loaves (which are so well preserved) from the oven, or grinding that basin of grain still standing with these conical granite mill-stones which have stood still for 1800 years in the Forum. I stood to see the gladiators and the lions in combat, and went to the baths like an ancient Pompeiian after the excitement, and passed over to the restaurant opposite, and like him to have my nip; but here the spell was broken; no nip to be had; the amphoræ were there, but the liquor was gone.

Ladies not being allowed, I was next shown a *queer place*, with beautiful pictures over the doors of the sleeping apartments, graphically showing the *modi operandi;* and the seat for the old witch who collected the rhino. After a

bottle or two of Capri, we drove home, all greatly delighted with our trip.

25*th.* Nothing to-day worth mentioning; looked into one or two churches, and walked to the new pier which is being erected, I think for a custom-house one, as they are awfully particular here about smuggling, which, from the precautions taken against it, must be very common. Indeed, Dr. S . . . . was quite astonished that Mr. D . . . . had brought on shore about half-a-pound of tobacco, and I myself fifty Havanas—a thing he never had heard of since he came here about ten years ago; and this was fully endorsed, at the breakfast-table yesterday, by a gentleman who had arrived from India, and had about seventy or eighty cigars with him, for which he was detained a considerable time, and his cigars made the subject of a violent discussion between several cocked-hatted individuals, which ended in their giving him a dozen away with him, and he has to make a claim and see what he must pay for the others.

27*th.* Drove out through the Grotto of Posilippo, a long tunnel through the tufa rocks. It is 2240 feet long, and varies from 23 to 90 feet high; breadth, 24 to 30 feet. It is said, on the

authority of Seneca and Petronius, to have been executed under Nero as a near cut to Pozzuoli, but was then a narrow and gloomy pass. It is now dimly lighted by forty-two gas-lamps. Driving on, we passed the great lava-quarries, worked by the galley-slaves, all assassins I believe, who are kept at work by a lot of soldiers with breech-loaders. They are in red shirts, and their prison is painted red in reference to their crime—at least so it is said. Reached Pozzuoli, where we picked up a very intelligent guide. This Pozzuoli is a quiet episcopal town, chiefly inhabited by fishermen, and nowise celebrated for cleanliness; here we bought torches. There is here an ancient pier, being part of a bridge of which about thirteen buttresses are yet to be seen, built by Caligula to Baiæ, right across the bay. Near by we visited the half-extinct volcano of Solfatara; why they say half-extinct I don't know, as the whole of the base of the crater, for an acre or two, is covered with jets of steam; and at one place there is an orifice like a baker's oven, from which constantly pours out a large stream of sulphurous steam, and from which, with an iron rake, was dragged out, and presented to us, a bit of red-

hot lava encrusted with sulphur. I made a small volcano for myself; seeing a jet of steam or smoke, such as you may see when you throw away your finished cigar, I bored a hole with a bit of stick I found, and soon I had a jet like what comes from the spout of a boiling kettle. The whole ground seems quite hollow beneath, and the guide takes up a large stone and throws it on the ground, which gives forth a boss sound. Next we visited the amphitheatre, much larger than that at Pompeii, being seated for 45,000, the arena 336 feet × 138 feet, and which could be laid under water for naval combats. It is a wonderful sight, with its subterranean passages, and places for keeping wild beasts, gladiators, etc., which were brought up by machinery. Then we passed to the temple of Serapis. This is very curious from the fact that the pillars, still standing, at about 5 feet up are pierced by some marine worms, showing that at one time they had been under the sea. So either the sea has retired 20 feet, or the land has risen 20 feet. Here are several of the ancient tanks, or baths, still existing, one of which was very warm, heated from the neighbouring volcano of Solfatara. Another was pointed out as being good for

sore eyes; and, by paying, you can get a bath of the thermal water in a well-fitted up modern bath.

Getting into our carriage again, the drive along the shore was beautiful—Ischia, Procida, and Nesida, islands beautifully situated in the bay—before us Baiæ, etc. We reached the lake Lucrine, celebrated in ancient times for its oysters, now for a small fish much esteemed at Naples. Then we reached Lake Avernus, and the Grotto of the Cumæan Sybil, in which is the entrance to the infernal regions. Before entering, we lighted three of our torches, and, with six men (one for each) to carry us, went in; after a longish walk, we were pointed to a narrow entrance on the right, through which we passed; and, having descended about a dozen paces, we mounted our bipeds, and were carried through the waters from one room to another —one the Sybil's bath, one her couch, in each of which we dismounted to hear the guide's description. In the last we saw a marble statue of the Sybil; returning, another square chamber was pointed out as the entrance to the infernal regions, down which Virgil went; but as there were no return tickets, we did not go, but instead drove on to Cumæ, where, in another sub-

terranean tunnel, we came to Nero's Baths. Again we lighted torches, but this time it was too hot for us. I gave it up at twenty yards or so, and came out perspiring very freely. A little fellow got an egg, and, stripped to the skin, darted in with a wooden pail, and in some minutes came out with his dark olive skin like as if he had been dipped in oil, the sweat running down from every part of his body. I was sorry for the poor fellow. In his hand was the pail, half full of water, and our egg boiled. So much for volcanic agency. Some day I believe it will tumble bodily — I mean the whole country — into the infernal regions. Here also we saw what some call the Temple of Apollo, and some baths, and a temple of Pluto and Mercury. Passing from Cumæ, we pass numerous ancient fragments of walls, passages, etc., in the side of the hill, all but buried in lava. Baiæ was a celebrated place in the times of Cicero, Nero, Augustus, Hadrian, all of whom had their villas here, of which there are some remains. Here also is the temple of Diana, in which, if you whisper on one side, your friends can hear distinctly on the other—a whispering-gallery kind of place in short. Then the temple

of Venus, now turned into a boatbuilder's shed. Ye Gods, what profanation! Passing along by the castle of Baiæ, and through lots of ruins, we reach Nero's prisons, subterranean vaults of the gloomiest description, where we had to do torches again. Farther on we reach the Julian Aqueduct, or what is left of it, and the Piscina Mirabilis, or great reservoir, dug in the tufa rock for receiving the water from the aqueduct, which was to supply the Roman fleet which lay at Misenum close by. It is supposed to have been built by Agrippa. It is 220 feet × 85 feet, and has a vaulted roof, supported by forty-eight pillars arranged in four rows. It is a wonderful place, and well worth the attention of the Water Company. I wish I had Bryce here to tell me lots of things, and explain others, especially the fragments of buildings which everybody says were for a different purpose. The view from here was very extensive and lovely. It was about four o'clock, and the sun shone brightly and golden on the hills around, dotted with white painted villas, cottages, and ruined temples, etc., whitened with age—Vesuvius in the distance, looking more like a volcano than I have yet seen it. Returning home, we stopped again at

Baiæ, and had lunch at the Hotel, a classic lunch of the far-famed oysters of the bay, and a bottle or two of Falernian; but the ancient classical did not suffice, so we pitched into maccaroni with cheese, and more Falernian; finished up with oranges and lighting our cigars; had a jolly drive home, and finished one of the most interesting and enjoyable days we have had, some thinking Pompeii outdone.

28*th.* Walked through a few more churches, in which nothing remarkable, all busy at service. The best was St. Francesco de Paolo, opposite the palace; it is an imitation of the Roman Pantheon. There are thirty beautiful Corinthian columns of marble supporting the dome. The altar is inlaid entirely with lapis lazuli and jasper; the two pillars at the sides of Egyptian brescia said to be very rare. There are some good copies of pictures, and six statues in marble, very fine, but quite modern. An inspection of the military was going on outside, which we saw; but unless to say you saw a lot of sogers, it was not worth seeing. The weather is quite changed, and all our doors and windows shut, and a fire on. One thing they seem to admit duty free, and that was a jolly Scotch

mist, as thick and wetting as ever graces Auld Reekie herself. The ladies had to keep the house all day. After dinner I went to the door to do a cigar, but was glad to get in again; could scarcely keep my feet.

1*st March.* To-day it was arranged to go up to Vesuvius in the afternoon, and remain on the top till midnight, when the crater is seen to most advantage,—Dr. S . . . . to head the party. But, alas! the top of the mountain was covered with snow, and all the hills to the east (the Apennines) quite white; so we had to give it up, S . . . . telling us it would be the death of us to attempt it, as we had no idea of the cold that comes from these snow-clad hills. Visited the Palace of Capo di Monte, in which there is a fine collection of armour, beautifully kept and arranged: the weapons go as far back as bows and arrows, and end with breech-loaders. There are also some good bronzes, especially a group of the Muses and attendants—about 4 feet across and 20 inches high. The figures are numerous—I think between twenty and thirty, each about 12 inches high. There are also two very fine groups, one of alabaster and one of biscuit-china. The first, "Jupiter overthrowing

the Titans,"—the Titans I think better than Jupiter ; he looks stagey. The other is "Aurora," and is really a pretty thing, not unlike the picture of the Royal Academy, I think. Aurora drives her two-horse car, and is surrounded by the hours and cupids holding garlands of flowers, dropping them by the way. The group is about 4 or 5 feet long, by 3 feet broad, and the figures about 8 inches high. There is a considerable collection of pictures of no great worth. There is a boudoir fitted up either with china ornaments or imitation, or both—something in the Watteau style ; it is very curious and the ornamentation funny. The view from the grounds is good. Drove home to dinner.

2*d*. To-day we had a lot more churches, the best of which were L'Incoronata, St. Philip Neri, and the Santa Chiara, the latter celebrated as the burial-place of the Bourbons, and for a fine monument to the founder, Robert the Wise. The bell-tower is detached from the church, indeed there is a street between them. St. Philip's was, however, the best and richest. In one of the side chapels were a lot of boxes containing relics of saints, etc. There are also some fine paintings in the sacristy; and in the crypt were two

fine bas-reliefs in marble, but it was too dark to see them well. There was also a "Madonna" in a glass case, with a string of pearls and diamonds, and crucifix of the same lying in her lap, as well as other offerings, which I hope she appreciates. A lamp burned before her, but I really forget what I saw here, as there is a muddle of churches in my brain. I have seen no painted glass in Naples worth looking at. Adjourned to the Café Grande and had lunch, and then home just in time to save ourselves from the wind and rain, which continued till near midnight, when the rain ceased and the wind increased to a hurricane, with a most terrific thunder-storm accompanied by brilliant flashes of lightning. I thought the front of the house was to be blown in.

3*d*. The morning quiet, but a heavy ground-swell in the bay. Did nothing particular; a stroll on the promenade and packing. Fleas are, I am told, particularly abundant; so are other gentry of the same obliging kind, who take up their abode without by or with your leave. Going about the streets, you see the women plunging their hands into their breasts picking—I should not say picking but gathering—them,

and the dirty b——s throwing them on the streets alive, for the benefit of the next passers by; then you see them with the children's heads in their laps, performing the same operation of catching alive. The inhabitants are a dirty, lazy, lousy set of beggarly wretches—that disposes of them.

I was much amused this morning, when asking the waiter (a Jew), who speaks English, the relationship of a couple between whom there might be a difference of twenty or twenty-five years in their ages, when he replied, "They are spouses; they are doing their *breeding here*, vat you call their honeymoon.

4*th*. Left Naples at 10.45 A.M. The scenery on this road was fine, in some places grand: the Apennines covered with snow, and the nearer limestone and tufa mountains with their bare heads and light coloured water-courses, their picturesque cities and old castles, sometimes perched on the pinnacle of a hill, sometimes half-hidden in a cleft between two hills, surrounded by their mediæval walls; in the afternoon especially, when a particularly fine yellow tint was thrown upon them by the rays of the sun reflected from the snowy heights above.

We were twice pestered having our luggage examined—the smaller things at Ceprano, the larger at Rome—but it was done quite gentlemanly; it detained us, however, nearly three-quarters of an hour. When we arrived at Rome, which was at eight P.M. (about seven at the station), we went to the Hotel du Globe, of which more anon.

5th. Strolled about the eternal city taking a general survey of the place, as we are to do no sight-seeing, in the serious sense of the word, till Monday. Strolling up the Via Condotti in the afternoon, we met Mrs. H . . . ., and she pointed out to me Mr. M'Pherson, who was driving past. I had just mentioned to her I was going to call on him. I hailed his cab, and delivered your note; he was glad to see me, and, after a short crack on the street, he told me his wife was going out, but he would be glad to see me, and smoke a cigar with a friend or two whom he expected in the evening. After a walk on the Pincio, went home to dinner; the day was piercingly cold. After dinner, about eight P.M. (we dined at half-past six o'clock), I sent for a cab, but, after waiting for nearly three-quarters of an hour, not being able to get one, I

sat down and had a tumbler, as it was now too late to go to M'Pherson's.

6*th.* Called on him in the forenoon, and had a glass and bit oatmeal cake. Mrs. M. was not downstairs, so did not see her. He and I took a look at a place or two for private lodgings, but none of them came up to the mark save one, but fearing it was not in a very nice place, took time to consider. The day was cold, rainy, and snowing, so the ladies had the pleasure of staying in the house all day, and I of getting myself wet doing my smoke.

7*th.* Took a look at a lot of churches and the Farnese Palace, and finished with St. Peter's, which I must go back and see.

8*th.* Passing St. Rocca to-day, and seeing a great crowd, went in and found the church all draped with black, the altar hid by a black screen with a gold cross of colossal size. The archbishop, also in black, sitting on his throne, and on the altar a lot of lighted candles, the nave of the church laid out as if for a funeral; but no funeral, and all round the people held in their hands burning candles, and the bishop occasionally rose, made a sign, seemed to bless the thurible, and sprinkled the place before him

with holy water from a silver thing like the round rose of a watering-pan, and afterwards he pronounced the blessing; but he had scarcely left the altar before acolytes (I think they call them) blew out the lights, just as they do the gas in a theatre when the curtain falls; this quite put away my solemn feelings.

Taking a stroll along the Via Ripetta in the afternoon, I reached the Piazza del Popolo, and as I was just turning to go into a church, I saw a cavalry officer riding past at a hard trot, and, behind him about 100 yards, another with a drawn sword, and behind him another of the same; then came a dozen of dragoons, followed by a carriage-and-four in gay gilt trappings, and in it his Holiness. I took off my hat to the old gentleman: he is a kindly-looking old chap. He returned my salute, or, what's the same thing, gave his blessing with his two outstretched fingers to the people, who all kneeled on the ground as he passed. The carriage was followed by a troop of dragoons as a body-guard.

9th. I think I forgot to mention, when I told you about leaving Naples, that Messrs. D . . . . and S. . . ., the latter by the especial orders of his medical advisers, were to go to Alexandria,

and on to Cairo, etc. I had a letter yesterday saying they were to sail on Saturday evening. We miss them much, as we had great fun. D . . . ., acting as chancellor of the exchequer, kept the strings very tight; his rows with coachmen and others were most amusing, as he understood not a word they said, and they understood him just as much, but there they stood collyshanging at each other for no end of time; D . . . . always had the best of it, gave them what he thought was right, a good swearing to the bargain, and walked off.

We did a few more churches, and also some fountains, a look at the baths of Diocletian, which in their pristine glory must have been very remarkable, not only for their extent but also their size, as one of the arches is sufficient to contain the church of St. Maria degli Angeli, no small church among the churches of Rome; it is being highly ornamented by the present Pope, who has laid the floor of the right (as you go in) transept with various coloured marbles in beautiful designs. On the floor of the nave the meridian is laid down, and on it, or rather alongside of it, the signs of the zodiac, in the same manner as on the floor of the library at Naples.

10*th.* To-day it may be said that we have commenced sight-seeing here. St. Cecilia in Trastavere, our first place,—the altar of parti-coloured marble dates from 1263, and is considered very beautiful, and I daresay it is, looked at by itself; but, when you have seen so many at same time, you begin to think that "Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike, especially Pompey!" There is a curious chandelier here, a kind of spiral pillar about 5 feet high, of white marble inlaid in mosaic, whether of bits of gold or gilt I don't know, as they objected to my picking them out to see; it is called a "chandelier pascal." The mosaics on the roof of what I call the semi-dome of the high altar are truly grand, and perhaps the largest I have yet seen, representing, full size, our Saviour and six other figures, and a string of upwards of a dozen sheep under them. There is also a long inscription, for which, as I did not read it, I refer you to the guide-book. There is also a recumbent statue of St. Cecilia, of which I neither like the design nor execution, and am therefore a Goth. What I liked best here was the Saints' Bath, as it is an ancient bath, and shows how the hot and cold water was introduced into them; it also

shows the mode of their vapour-baths. I may mention that the bath is now a side chapel, and must have been a large bath-room, with all the appliances of a cold, hot, and vapour bath, with a cooling-room such as the old Romans had in the time of the persecution. The vapour-bath (says the guide) was used for the martyrdom of the Christians by suffocating them. Next we visited the church of St. Maria in Ara Cœli. This dates from 985, or at least was then existing. It stands on the Capitoline, and derives its name from the story that Augustus erected an altar here, inscribed Ara Primogeniti Dei, to our Saviour. There are some frescoes here in good preservation, of which copies were made in mosaic some hundreds of years ago, and are to be seen somewhere ; Mr. Riviere, an artist here, told us of them, and said the mosaics preserved the original colours, and this would give us a good idea of what the ancient frescoes were, now that their colours were being lost, but not having seen the mosaics yet, can't say. Coming down from here, we arrive at Piazza del Campodoglio, the Capitol of old Rome, saved in ancient times by the cackling of geese, and preserved in much the same

manner now. At the foot of the stair leading up to it are two Egyptian lions, from whose mouths proceed jets of water, and on the top the fine marble groups of the horse-tamers; and on the Place, to the right and left, are the trophies of Marius—at least so they say. The Place is surrounded on three sides by handsome buildings, that in front being the Palace of the Senator, containing the municipal offices and observatory; over the front is a statue of Rome—a very fine thing—and on each side of her two sitting statues, very large, with water-jars under their arms, representing the Nile and the Tiber. In front of the building is an equestrian statue of M. Aurelius, popularly called after Constantine, as they drag everything in to have a religious signification. On the right is a gallery, which we got into by accident, or a franc or two, where there are some large frescoes of ancient historical subjects, some fine marble statues of Popes, fine antique busts, groups, etc.,* white heads and red marble drapery, a few good bronzes, and a grand ancient bronze with white marble eyes. One of the marble busts is the original from which my

* Among these is a very fine one of Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf.

stucco bust of Socrates you painted for me is taken. There is here also a fine roomful of tapestry in good condition, fine inlaid marble tables, and the oak panels in the doors are finely carved in alto-relievo.

The building on the left is the Capitoline Museum, but was just closing as we got to the door. After seeing the Tarpeian Rock, we descended the stairs, seeing the Temple of Saturn, with its eight old columns; that of Vespasian with its three; the Arch of Severus; the Portico of the Twelve Gods; the Column of Phocas; and the Temple of Castor and Pollux, also with three columns; the old Temple of Faustina, transformed into a church. Opposite is the Basilica Julia, the Regia, and behind it the Temple of Vesta, half-spoiled by a church stuck in before them—St. Maria Liberatrice; then we come to the colossal arches of the Basilica of Constantine. The vaults are enormous, and seem to be as high as St. Peter's (not the dome); then we reach the Arch of Titus, the Coliseum, and the Arch of Constantine, etc.; but we stopped here, as it was getting dark, and got home to dinner.

11*th*. During the night we had a dreadful

thunder-storm, with rain and hail, such as is not remembered ever to have been seen here before. The rain came down in torrents, and the street opposite our hotel-door was six or eight inches deep at the sides, and we were told that at the Pantheon it would be at least three feet deep. The hail was like small marbles, and it was with difficulty that we could leave our hotel, and this we were obliged to, as we have taken a suite of rooms immediately opposite, as we were far from comfortable in it, and could get no place to ourselves, the house being full of Yankees, who chattered like monkeys. Now, in addition to our bedrooms, we have a fine saloon, with piano, three side-tables, three sofas, about a dozen and a half chairs, a fine fire, etc., and everything nice.

A gentleman who left the Hotel de Roma last night says the prices are fearful just now. He went one night with his wife and daughter, stayed all night, had a chop each to their tea, and their breakfast in the morning, and then left and had to pay 100 francs—£4 for the three. At the Hotel de Russie things seem even worse, and the party of three were charged 150 francs for a night; one item being a roll, 50 cents.

12*th.* Returned to the Coliseum, but *en route* visited the Rotonde, said to be the only edifice in Rome come down entire from the ancients, having been built by Agrippa 27 B.C. It gives a magnificent idea of what these temples were. Its portico of sixteen Corinthian pillars, about 40 feet high, is noble now, but what must it have been when the five steps now sunk were above the ground? and judging from the baths of Agrippa, alongside of it, they must have added about 8 or 10 feet to its height; but the inside, with its open roof, its lofty dome, the marble pillars, all make one regret the Christianising of it, and the carrying off the ancient gods from their niches, and putting their confounded saints into them. Here lie, among others, the remains of Raphael, buried in 1520, and who got a new coffin in 1833—(there are not many furnished with a new coat after being 300 years buried). Annibal Caracci and a few other great painters are also interred here. Passing from this, we entered the Piazza della Minerva, where is an obelisk standing on the top of an elephant, not worth seeing, except that the obelisk is one of two brought from the temple of Isis. I forgot to

mention a good inscription in the Pantheon (Rotonde), "What the Barbarians did not the Barberini did;" referring to a blackguard pope of that name (Urban VIII.), who stripped the bronze from the temple to make columns for the tabernacle of St. Peter, and cannons for St. Angelo. St. Maria sopra Minerva was our next place. It is a very magnificent church, divided into three naves by magnificent marble pillars. Here are also some of the finest and largest monuments I have yet seen. At the back of the altar are three very good painted windows. They seem quite modern, but I could not get a good view, as there was service going on. We are now at the Coliseum, and get up as high as we can, and have a beautiful view to the south and west—almost all ancient Rome spread out like a map below us, the Tiber rolling quietly on to the sea, and the Apennines covered with snow. It was somewhat windy, so we did not stay long on the top, although we spent a good deal of time walking round the various galleries, examining the surrounding country, as well as the details of the circus itself; then to the baths of Titus and palace of Nero—very curious, and they must have been very extensive; but,

as they are not half excavated, I will say no more about them at present. Going along, we pass the only three pillars which remain of the temple of Mars Ultor, on the Forum of Augustus. They are fine Corinthians, and beautifully proportioned. Passing under an ancient arch (Pantanus), we reach the Forum of Trajan, with his pillar in the centre, on which formerly stood his statue, but which had to make way for St. Peter. The column is covered with bas-reliefs of his victories over the Dacians, running spirally from the bottom to the top. I forgot to mention the remains of a temple of Minerva which we passed, consisting of two pillars sticking in a wall, and half buried in the ground, surmounted by a statue of the goddess. I shall say nothing of the Forum, as it is so well known to you, and, with the exception of its four rows of broken pillars, offers nothing remarkable. Wending our way along, we dropped into St. Mark's, half buried in the Venetian palace. There are some fine old mosaics here, and the floor of the tribune is of Alexandrian pavement.* One or two good pictures. In the vestibule are some sarcophagi, and inscriptions of the ancient Christians,

* Opus Alexandrinum.

etc. Going to dinner, we saw again the Pope driving, as I formerly described, and distributing his blessing to the kneeling devotees.

13*th*. Through the Porto Pia, and visited the church of St. Agnes, restored by the present pope, who, after celebrating mass in it in 1853, went into an adjoining room, the flooring of which gave way, and he and the rest of them fell into a cave beneath. A daub of a fresco commemorates this—the badness of the design only equalled by the execution. There are some fine marble pillars in the church, and the tabernacle is supported by four beautiful columns of porphyry; a good mosaic of St. Agnes, and an old episcopal throne. The entrance to this church is by a stair of forty-five marble steps. On both sides in the walls are imbedded inscriptions taken from the catacombs beneath; they are not very ancient. In the same inclosure is the church of St. Costanza. This is a very old church built by Constantine, the father of the saint. It contains some mosaics of the fourth century, very curious, showing the whole process of wine-making. There are also some modern mosaics. We now went to the palace of Rospigliosi, where there are a few good paintings, includ-

ing Guido's masterpiece on the ceiling, the "Aurora sowing Flowers before the Car of the Sun." The others we could scarcely see for the crowd. There were also four or five artists copying Aurora, and they with their canvases took up the entrance and one half the room. In the garden are a number of very fine small statues in marble. The arch of Janus, the double-faced god, was our next place. It is an arch (double) open at the four sides, very ancient. It had (they say) another storey, which might have been an exchange. Opposite is the Goldsmith's Arch, adjoining the church of St. Velabrius; the church not worth seeing. The arch is covered with sculptures, but of no great taste; they are coarse. To show we do not confine ourselves to churches, temples, or triumphal arches, we visited the Cloaca Maxima, or great common sewer, common to both ancient and modern Rome, having now lasted for thousands of years. Then we went to the church of St. Maria in Cosmedin, or the Bocca della Verita, where the ancient Romans placed their hands when they swore; I put in my hand and said, D—n it! The church is supposed to be built on the site of the temple of the Three Gods (Bacchus, Ceres, and Libera),

the ancient pillars of which are built in the walls; the temple dates back to 497 B.C., the church A.D. 300 or 400. The Campanile dates from Adrian, and is the finest I have seen here. The floor of the church is beautiful Alexandrian marqueterie. From here we have a fine view of the temple (a round one, with twenty pillars on the outside supporting the roof), some say of Hercules and some Vesta. We now pass the place where all the marble is sold, and on to the Porto St. Paolo, passing near the Pyramid of Cestius, and the Mount Testaccio, the former a tomb, and the latter nobody knows; it is composed of broken pottery, and is upwards of 200 feet in height. St. Paul, beyond the walls, is our next place, and I am not sure but for richness it surpasses St. Peter's. It has five naves supported by eighty pillars of granite from Mont Simplon, and there are two beautiful ones of alabaster—one on each side of the entrance-gate (of beautiful bronze)—presented by the late Viceroy of Egypt to Gregory XVI. They have put in painted windows, which in themselves are very good; but I am told they spoil the effect of the church, as the floor is of the finest polished marble, and when the clear light came in, the pillars and pictures

were reflected as from a great depth of pure water. There are also good statues in marble, and portraits of (all) the popes in mosaic, as genuine as those of the Scotch kings in Holyrood. A monk took me through the cloisters, where no ladies are admitted, so they had to look through the gate; but the monk left the key in the door, so as they did not get in; they locked the door, however, and walked off with the key, to the great diversion of the monk. He was very well pleased with the trifle I gave him, and he allowed me to take some roots of violets from the garden, and opened a chapel for us which is generally kept shut; but I am quite confused with churches and chapels, and really they all so run into each other in my mind that I cannot keep their details separate. We went still farther out to the Abbey of the Three Fountains, the place where St. Paul was beheaded. It is said when the head was struck off, it made three bounds on the ground, and three fountains sprung up in the places. It is being entirely re-decorated, and three altars are up in white and red marble—on the lower part of each a representation of the head of the apostle. This is not worth coming to see. Returning to the walls,

we take the Appian Way by the Porto St. Sebastiano and Porto Latina, the latter shut up, past the baths of Caracalla to the church of "Domine, quo Vadis?" where, on a slab of white marble, is shown the imprint of our Saviour's feet. All the churches here require *some* faith, this one quite as much as most. It is said to derive its name from St. Peter running away from Rome to escape being martyred, and meeting the Saviour and asking him, "O Lord, whither goest thou?" was answered, "I go to Rome to be crucified anew," whereupon Peter, being ashamed, went back to his death. Farther on we came to St. Sebastian, where we went down to the catacombs. They are not by any means the best in Rome, but quite enough to give one a general idea. They are deep caves extending a long way in the form of galleries, on each side of which are shelves large enough to contain the body, on which being deposited they were built up. Sometimes it was a small chamber for family use, one of which we saw with two large shelves for the father and mother, and three smaller ones for their children. There is nothing in the church. Next comes the Circus of Maxentius, where the chariot-races took place.

It is built after a knowing dodge, with a peculiar bend, so that the inside started chariot should have no advantage in a short turn, but have as long a run as his less favoured compeers. The Tomb of Cæcilia Metella, a round one about 80 feet in diameter round the top, on which is a frieze of flowers and bull's head. It has been two or three times used as a fortress. The Casale Rotondo, a large sepulchre of the time of Augustus. A fine view is said to be got from here, but we did not trouble it, but went along the Appian Way a few miles farther, both sides of which are lined with tombs and fine fragments of sculptured marble. We then returned home, after a seven hours' drive, quite ready for dinner, at seven P.M. In our absence Dr. G . . . . and his lady called and left their cards. I forgot to mention, I think, that Mr. Macpherson came up on Friday evening and did a cigar and tumbler with us. I could give you a good deal of amusement of artists' jealousies, but I will keep that till I come home as "Scripta manet."

14*th*. Went to the Scotch church, and then to St. John Lateran, which is a very fine one, and of which the Pope is parish priest I believe, then to the Scala Santa and saw the devotees crawl-

ing up on their knees. It is a stair of twenty-eight marble steps, brought from the palace of Pontius Pilate, and said to be that which our Saviour descended on his way to be crucified. At the top is an image of Him, said to be by St. Luke, but being a heretic I did not get up to see it.*

We went now to the St. Croce in Jerusalem, a very ancient church containing some relics which we did not see, among others the inscription which was upon the cross found by the Empress Helena some 400 years after the crucifixion : she made some wonderful discoveries this woman. We went out the Via Latina and saw the tombs recently excavated, one of which has two beautiful Corinthian pillars above ground ; and below, down a good flight of stairs, we enter a large chamber, in the walls of which are the tombs, one of them, a beautiful sarcophagus in white marble, as fresh almost as when it left the sculptor's hands. The roof of the chamber is painted in fresco, very pretty, and some beautiful stucco casts. The same may be said of the chamber adjoining, only they are fresher and the colours quite bright, but are being spoiled by the smoke from the guides' candles.

* Note B.

In the centre of this chamber is a large sarcophagus of white marble. A large hole has been made in the end of it, and, by putting a lighted candle into it, you can see reposing side by side a male and female skeleton fallen to pieces, but the skull and bones are all lying quite naturally: think of them being laid there some 2000 years ago, and closed up in darkness till now. The two sides of this road, like the Appian Way, are lined with the remains of tombs. Just opposite the tomb last mentioned are the ruins of an old basilica, to get to which was no easy matter, as we had to squeeze through a narrow passage just large enough to get through; except the antiquity there is not much to interest one, except to an architect, the whole of the substructure being visible. Having had four hours' sitting in an open carriage, we went home, as it became suddenly cold, and we got hungry.

15*th*. To-day we did the Vatican, saw Raphael's pictures and the tapestries from his designs. I shall not attempt to describe these nor the other pictures here, being beyond my attainments in the fine arts. The sculptures and statues are also beyond me, far too beautiful for any language I have. I could walk up and

down looking at the busts and statues for days, and still wish to go back. They have made free use of stucco fig-leaves, and plastered one on every statue ; here and there some wicked boy (?) has cleaned some of them with his knife, for which all I say is, " Palmam qui meruit ferat."

16*th*. This day was spent looking into shop windows, and the evening we spent at Macpherson's, where we took tea.

17*th*. This being St. Patrick's day we went to hear an Irish priest, Father Burke, make an oration on the saint, and a bit phillipic on Henry VIII. The saint, the greatest in the calendar, and the Irish the most faithful and religious in the world, and the abolition of the Irish Establishment a fulfilment of St. Patrick's prayers and prophecy. In the evening we took tea at Dr. G. . . . 's ; they are excellent people, and we enjoyed ourselves very much.

18*th*. We went to the church of Gesu : it is very grand. There was a priest preaching, so we did not get a particular look at it, but what we did see was very fine. We then set off to St. Peter's ; this we never tire of. It is being arranged for holy week, which begins on Sunday. I forgot to mention that Mr.

Macpherson held the plate at the door of St. Isidore's on St. Patrick's day. We got from him some shamrocks blessed by the Pope.

19*th.* Drove out by the Porto St. Pancrazio to the Villa Pamfili, on the top of the Janiculum. It is the largest and finest of the Roman villas; its gardens are beautiful, very tastefully laid out—the beds represent birds, etc.—the whole beautiful and extensive, with lots of fountains, and fine walks adorned with antique statues, urns, altars, all discovered on the grounds. Within the villa there are also a few good statues and busts, and one or two good pictures; there are also some telling views of Venice, but daubs as pictures; but the finest things are the views from the terraces, those from the top magnificent, embracing the country all round, the towns of Frascati, Tivoli, and the villas on the mountain sides, and some even say the sea. St. Peter's is seen here grand, rising above everything; here and the Pincio are, I think, the only places where it seems what it is; it is so shut up by narrow streets that you cannot get a good view of it, and when near you lose half its size.

There is a beautiful columbarium here, very well preserved, the frescoes being in good condi-

tion. There is another small one, but it is being allowed to go to ruin, although its pictures are also still in fair condition. All over the extensive grounds are fountains and altars, one large one on the lawn with fine sculptures on it. There is also a monument to the French who fell on the spot in 1849, when storming the Gate of Aurelian, which they took by assault. It is very pretty,—a canopy supported on four pillars, with an angel standing in the centre, and inscriptions.

In the evening we went to the Pincio, the fashionable promenade, the Rotten Row of Rome, where, this being the feast of St. Joseph, the band played, all the rank and fashion of Rome being there, and also the *distinguished* visitors. The panorama was most grand in the setting sun. I sat more than an hour looking over the balustrade at the domes and belfries on the numerous churches, the columns, etc., all reflecting a golden sun. Did you notice there are no steeples in this place? All the shops were shut: I think this corresponds with our birstling-day, as they sell something of the kind called Frittella.

20*th.* Visited the Diocletian baths again, and also the Barberini Palace, where there are one

or two good pictures,—the Marriage of St. Catherine, Parmigiano; a Madonna, Raphael, copied by himself; a Marine Landscape, C. Lorraine; Christ and the Doctors, A. Durer; Beatrice Cenci, by Guido—of which nearly every artist's shop in Rome has a copy for sale—Death of Germanicus, N. Poussin. Leaving this, we went to the Church of the Capuchins, below which are four mortuary chapels containing earth from the Holy Land, in which the monks are buried; "non requiescant in pace," for when one dies the one who has been longest buried must get up to make room for the new comer who takes his place, the old one's bones being formed, along with those of his predecessors, into ornaments and ornamental walls for these chapels; some have been made into arches of a tomb-shape, in which celebrated monks of the order are laid in their canonicals, others are made into candelabra in which lamps are hung, some into figures representing Death with the hour-glass and scythe, some into figures of angels, etc. etc., the mass making walls 12 or 14 inches thick for the niches already mentioned. We saw the skulls and bones of upwards of 4000 of them.

We finished the day with a drive round the Pincio.

21*st*. This being Palm Sunday, we started, a little after seven o'clock A.M., for the Vatican, provided with tickets, which were, however, of little use, as the whole places were taken up before we arrived ; notwithstanding, we saw the ceremony, blessing the palms ; and the Pope being carried in procession four times. Lots of fine uniforms and church millinery, but far too theatrical to be impressive. Although we have tickets for the whole week, I do not expect any of us will go back. The ladies (ours) all left at eleven A.M. I made myself a martyr and saw it out, till about one o'clock, and was heartily sick of the whole affair, as well as with standing the whole time. Somebody suggested I should go to vespers ; I preferred writing this, and a smoke, which I find the best of incense.

22*d*. Visited a private museum in Via Poli, where there are some antique busts (?), as well as copies of some of the finer statues, some beautiful bronzes, two of which I took a fancy to, and priced, but they were only for sale in one lot, consisting of a dozen or so, on a mosaic table about 12 or 15 feet long. There is also a

very capital collection of Etruscan vases and other ornaments. It is a dealer's place. Above, on the next flat, is Castellani's, the celebrated jeweller and imitator of ancient Roman and Etruscan jewels. They are very fine and tastefully got up; but the prices were also fine, and *rather* distasteful. We then went up to the Capitol to see the museum, which was shut last time we went. The bronzes are very fine and curious, a *steel*-yard *made* of *bronze*, exactly the same as used here at the present day, only a little more ornamental; a fine Diana of Ephesus clothed, in marble; but what most amused me here is the "*superb horse*," as the guides say. It may have been, and to some is, a very fine thing; but when I tell you it wants all the upper part of the body, half the head, a leg or two, and the right fore one bent in at the knee, and the foot splayed, the tail also gone, you must excuse me from going in ecstasies either at its fineness as a bronze, or the beauty of it as a horse! Goth again! Some of the marble statues are really grand, and there are two very finely-chiselled sarcophagi. Here is also the Dying Gladiator, well worth coming to see itself; but its calm repose was spoiled by a pair of young hussies,

who, having learned the jargon of art, kept buzzing about, posing themselves, glass in eye, and chattering like magpies. I could (I am not sure if I didn't) d—n them! But the gem (to me) is the Venus, in a room by herself, in the long gallery, said to be by Praxiteles; but whether that be or be not, she is certainly the most beautiful thing I ever did see. I went back to see her several times, and sat looking at her perfect form and living-like gracefulness, and, as the keeper turned her round, she seemed almost alive. An infernal cockney, who knew as much about beauty as I cared to know about him, displayed his ignorance to his companions, by pointing out, as he called it, the fine bits. I wish some one had chopped his infernal tongue, and allowed me to enjoy myself in quietness. I left this museum with regret. There are more fine things here than in most museums of its size. Another look at the Tarpeian rock from the garden, and we strolled to the Marmorata, the antique one which they are exhuming. This we missed the last time we were in this quarter. It is not easily got at. Here are pillars, cornices, and a fine Corinthian capital, prepared for some edifice or another, and various other pieces

of curious marbles (the quarries from which some of them were got being now unknown), lying as they were lost 1500 or 1800 years ago.

23*d.* Went to the Doria palace, which, I think, contains the best general collection of pictures I have seen here. Nearly all the old masters are represented. We then went to the Albani Villa, beyond the Porta Salara, where there are some fine antique statues and busts, and also bas-reliefs. There are also some paintings, but these last don't seem much worth. We drove afterwards through the Borghese grounds, which is a fine drive.

24*th.* This may be said to begin Holy Week, so we went to St. Peter's, heard the Tenebræ and Miserere, and as everybody goes into ecstasies you can just suppose we did so.

25*th.* To-day the ladies went to St. Peter's at nine A.M., and staid till half-past seven P.M.; I went about ten A.M., saw the Pope washing the feet, and giving his blessing from the balcony in front of the church. I daresay there were 20,000 people present; but, as this is done again on Sunday, we will carry it forward. Then I saw the Pope walk from the supper through the

gallery. He is a venerable-looking old man. I then drove to St. Giovanni, saw the sacred stairs crowded again with the crawlers up on their knees, heard part of the Tenebræ sung by the chapter; but thinking I might have plenty of time to read the Lamentations of Jeremiah at home, I left at the end of the third chapter, and suppose they finished nicely without me. Drove by the Coliseum, and took a comfortable dinner and a bottle of Velletri, and home—the ladies arriving shortly after—I enjoying their starvation. Nothing can make you sympathise with starving people better than having had a good dinner yourself, etc. etc.

I have seen Mr. Macpherson two or three times, and bought a lot of photos. from him. I have also got a small present for you from him, and if I don't pop it (being hard up) will bring it home to you.

26*th.* This is Good Friday, and there is more Tenebræ and Miserere; and I am writing this with a very good cigar in my mouth, and called all that is amiable, because I prefer it to being crushed in a crowded chapel. Tickets are all very well, but unless you go long hours before and wait, they are little use. One lady was crushed

to death last Sunday, and another died yesterday from the effects of a crush.

I have paid another visit to St. Maria Maggiore, and think it improves on acquaintance. It was during the Tenebræ. The singing was much superior to St. Peter's of yesterday, and there was a crush; then out to St. Lorenzo, beyond the walls, which has twenty-two pillars (antique) of unequal thickness and lengths (?). The inequality of the thickness is easily seen, but I do not think there is any difference of the height. They are of different stone, but arranged in pairs, so that the difference scarcely strikes you—the floor of beautiful Alexandrian work. There is also a lower church beyond and under the altar, but there is nothing remarkable about it. One or two places we could not see here, as the whole place is undergoing repair, and was filled with scaffolding and workmen. It will be very fine when completed. Beside this church is a very extensive cemetery, the entrance to which is through extensive cloisters, which seem to have been recently renewed; both they and some portions are filled with very fine monuments and tomb-stones, surmounted by busts, and having bas-reliefs on their sides; here also

a series of catacombs have been cleared out, some of which contain curious paintings ; but they are clearing them away to make room for the new vaults which are being formed in the side of the hill.

27*th.* Went to St. Giovanni in the Lateran, and heard mass, and saw in the baptistery (which, by the way, is very fine, and which we omitted to see in our last visit) the great annual ceremony of baptizing the Jews who have been converted. To-day there was only one, and I am not sure of her, as she went through the ceremony very much like playing a part, taking a quiet giggle between the different parts of the ceremony. This being over, and it is imposing, she went back to the church and was confirmed, and took the sacrament, the former in the body of the church, fitted up for the occasion, and the latter behind the high-altar (at which no one performs mass except the Pope). In this she was joined by a score or so of chaps ; this being over she retired, and the lads were then put through a number of ceremonies, such as going up one by one, and having a short gown of white trimmed with lace put on, having a lock of hair cut from their foreheads, their love-locks, and a little

from the crown of their heads, all carefully preserved in a plate. There was a good deal more of it, but I was tired, and went out to meditate on the peculiar mounting of the smoke of my cigar, and dispel the effects of the incense ; and I daresay they finished their priest-making, for such it was, well enough without me.

28*th*. This was or should have been the great day. We did not go into St. Peter's, as it is nearly a repetition of Good Friday, except the dresses and the sounding of the silver trumpets ; but, having got a good position on the top of the piazza, we could see the whole outside ceremony, which was very imposing. It was nearly the same as Good Friday, except that the crowd in the piazza was much greater. All the troops were drawn up, and lots of the country people in their peculiar costumes, and all the others in their Sunday's best, gave it a most imposing appearance. The Pope was in his Sunday best as well, wearing the triple crown as he gave his blessing to the crowd ; which being done, the bands struck up, and the cannons from St. Angelo boomed, and a slight cheer was given. A much louder one I have heard in Freemasons' Hall, when the health of the Grand Bard was

given, than came from the 20 or 30,000 people here assembled. A short quarter of an hour, and the great crowd had left the piazza. You have no doubt heard of the splendid effect of the lighting of the dome of St. Peter's. Well, so have I; also of the fire-works on the Monday night; well, do.! the weather was so rainy and windy that both were put off, and so were we!

Leaving next morning (the 29*th*) for Florence, which we reached at night after a long ride, very tired. The scenery was fine, in some places grand, and we enjoyed it till the afternoon when it poured of rain, and we could scarcely see out. One comfort, we had a carriage to ourselves, so we had some fun; but when it began to get dark, and the windows close, it was cold and dreary, and we were quite glad when we reached the Hotel de l'Europe, and got some supper and to our beds.

30*th*. The weather is dreadful, and we have been employed in the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces all day. They are wonderful collections, and require weeks instead of hours. We stayed till put out, and had just finished *doing* the last room when this happened. After dinner we visited

the churches on the other side of the water. Il Carmine, of which I think nothing; of the frescoes less. St. Spirito, a very good specimen of the basilica, the pillars of dark stone, having a very imposing appearance. We walked round the cloisters of the convent with their numerous inscriptions, etc., and were not displeased to find the place now used as barracks for soldiers. We then came across the funny bridge with the jewellers' shops on each side, reminding one of the quaint pictures of London bridge in the olden times.

31*st.* Visited the Cathedral, Baptistry, and Campanile, very beautiful with their black and white marble. Saw a poor child baptized, and its poor wee head drenched. However, the padre was not altogether cruel, as he warmed the towel over a chaffer before he dried it. Went to the top of the tower; the view delightful. Did a few more churches, such as the Annunciata, St. Croce, St. Mark, and St. Marie Novello, and then dinner, then off to Venice, arriving on the

1*st.* When we leave this, we will be on our way home, and I am beginning to wish I was back. We will not put off by the way now, as

all our luggage is sent on to Paris, except what we can carry in our hands.

1*st.* Visited, by the help of a guide (retained for the day) and a water-cab, St. Mark's, the beautiful mosaics of which are certainly not surpassed in extent anywhere, and seldom even in workmanship. I suppose it is all right about St. Mark's being under the high-altar. I could not contradict the guide. Paced through the Doge's Palace, library, galleries, prisons, and all, from the *leads* to the dungeons. But the best thing in Venice, not excluding the churches, was the *gondoling* (that's a new word). I enjoyed it immensely, up one water-street and down another, round the Mole and back by the harbour, shopping—all in a water-cab. It poured all day, except the sail-time round the Mole, so we finished our day with our dinner and went to bed, and started on the

2*d* for Milan at ten A.M., and after a day of rain till about two P.M., when it faired; little or no scenery was to be seen. We arrived in time for dinner.

3*d.* Visited the cathedral, at which they have been building since 1386; and if there be *any* truth in Dr. Cumming's prophecies, they will go

on till the end of the world, and one of the most noble churches will be then unfinished. The height from the ground to the top of the Virgin, which stands on the cupola, is 355 feet, inside the height of the roof above the floor 153 feet. The columns separating the aisles from the nave are 80 feet high, and the whole structure is of pure white marble from the quarries of La Gandoglia, near Lago Maggiore, which I think the guide said were gifted to the church by the Duke of Milan, Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti. There are some very good painted glass windows, and some only so-so. In the sacristy are some fine things, two colossal statues in silver of San Carlo and San Ambrosio in their pontificals, adorned with precious stones; silver busts, gold and silver altar-cups, lamps; also a golden pax beautifully set with precious stones, cameos, silver statuettes, two small columns of lapis lazuli, and set on a stone a brilliant cross of diamonds. There are also some altar-pieces, two of them of exquisite embroidery, and one of solid silver weighing 111 metric lbs., however much that may be, but I don't know. The roof is reached by a narrow staircase from the inside of the cathedral, and from it you get

to the top of the spire, only, however, after climbing 512 steps. The view from here is grand—the snow-capped Alps in the distance, and the city spread like a map at your feet; the top of the church between you, with its seven thousand statues stuck up all over it. The two finest are those of Adam and Eve, and a Rebecca by Canova; among the *other* saints on the top of the nave, one of Napoleon the First. From its foundation till 1866 it is said to have cost £22,000,000, or 550 millions of francs. There are a few other churches here worth seeing, but I am tired running through them. We went to the Theatre "La Scala," said to be the largest in the world, being seated for 3600 spectators. The stage was immense, and the number of ballet-girls past counting; the display of legs *great* indeed in this theatre—the poet must have first thought "that beauty unadorned, adorned the most"—for had you cut the ballet-girls through the middle, and the ladies of the boxes in the same manner, and stuck the upper part of the latter on the lower part of the former, you would have a very good notion of the fashion sported by Eve in the garden of Eden.

4th. Left Milan at ten A.M., and arrived at Turin about three P.M. There are some nice squares and streets, wide and clean, one or two good statues, but we did not remain long here, taking the evening train to Susa, at the bottom of the Alps, which we reached in time for supper in the *Grand* Hotel de France—about the worst I was ever in, and, I may say, the dearest. After supper told the waiter to call us in time for the first train over the mountains, and to have breakfast ready for us. About an hour after he came into our room, saying that an avalanche had fallen, and that we could not proceed. A little annoyed at being detained at such a place, but not being able to make a better of it, we sat down to a tumbler, as there would be no use for getting up early.

Next morning at five o'clock we heard a knocking at all the doors, and at last at our own, and the waiter bawling at the top of his voice, "Le train va partir! le train va partir!" so up we got in a hurry, with scarcely time to dress or get breakfast, and ran off to the station, found all the first-class seats taken, and with difficulty got third-class ones. We soon found, however, that we were better in the third than

in the first, as the views are much better seen from there being glass on both sides of the carriages instead of only at the ends, as in the first.

Susa, from which we started, is 1690 feet above the level of the sea ; the summit of Mont Cenis is 6890 feet, or 5200 feet higher, and from thence to St. Michel, descending, is 4667 feet. The actual distance betwen Susa and St. Michel is 25 miles, and by railway 67. The gradients are, on an average, 1 in 11, or nearer still, 91 in 1000.

This is a most wonderful railway ; it goes over the mountains in a series of zig-zags, turning round corners, which one, not having seen, would never believe. So sharp are they that those in the latter part of the train can see, from the side windows, the engine drawing them passing, as it were, in the opposite direction.

Although the snow was very deep in some places it did not feel very cold, indeed I stood outside nearly the whole way. At the end of each carriage is a small platform on which a breaksman stands in constant attendance on a powerful brake, so that in case of accident the train can be almost instantly stopped, even going up or coming down the steepest inclines on the mountain. At several places where the

line has been cut on the side of a cliff it is arched over with an iron roof, making a kind of tunnel, of which there are several very long ones, during the passage of which the doors of all the carriages are carefully shut to prevent the ingress of the steam, for these tunnels have no ventilation except at the ends, and are so narrow that the train about fills them. Going through the longest of them I stupidly remained outside, and was nearly suffocated, although I lay down with my head on the floor of the platform, and besides was nearly broiled, the heat being so oppressive that I was literally wet with perspiration, and all the snow which was on the carriages was clean melted away, and the ice which was on the tops of the carriages was dripping over the sides. When we reached the top of the mountain we experienced the effects of the avalanche, having to get out of the train—the line for some miles being entirely blocked up—and get into sledges, going through snow so deep that one of the young ladies of our party was almost lost sight of.

Getting into the sledges was no easy matter, not only on account of the snow but also the want of them, as there were a greater number

of passengers than usual, so many people were returning from Rome, as is usual at the end of holy week, which may be called the end of the Roman season. At last we did get into one, but found it anything but a comfortable place, as there were six in it and room only for four. The seats and floor were covered with dried grass, under which we found a layer of snow; the careless rascals, instead of clearing it out, had just spread the grass on the top of it.

The drive was not unpleasant, lasting somewhat more than an hour. Numbers of men were clearing the line with spades; to me it seemed a hopeless task, and one likely to last a pretty long time, but was informed that in all probability it would be right in a day or two. We changed from the sledges to the train which had been sent from the other side to meet us, and now began the descent, which was made at very rapid speed. Sometimes as the train rushed down the mountain it seemed as if the engineers and guards had lost all command of it, and that we were going right over some of the precipices, when it took a sudden turn and went on a little on a level part, but only to dash away down again. Soon we began to leave the snow and

the bare rocks behind, and passing through fir-plantations and vineries, reached St. Michel on a fine warm sunny afternoon. Here we lunched, and a difficulty occurred which nearly upset all our arrangements. On going to the booking-office to take our tickets, I tendered a ten-pound Bank of England note, which was refused, and on my asking if there was any money-changer's near, was answered in the negative, and unfortunately I was short of gold to the extent of one hundred and twenty francs. I could find no one to change, and it seemed as if we would be obliged to take our tickets to the nearest town where we could change our notes, when Captain W., whose acquaintance we had only made in the train coming over the mountain, very kindly offered me the loan of what I might need, holding out a handful of Napoleons, telling me to take as many as I wanted, and that I could repay him when we reached Paris. I took six of them, thanking him very heartily, and we travelled together to Paris, where we all meant to stay a day or two, but the captain changed his mind, and said he would go straight on to London ; and when I mentioned that I feared I would not be able to get change in time for him,

he replied it was of no consequence ; I could see him at the club when I came to London.

After a day or two in Paris we went to London, and I immediately called on the captain and found he had gone to the country and left no address. I was much annoyed at this, the more so as I was afraid I had mistaken the club, as the porter did not seem quite clear at first, and, I fancied at last, said "gone to the country" to hide his ignorance. We left London same night, and arrived safely at home next morning, when I wrote to the captain expressing my sorrow at not seeing him in London and repaying him his so kindly-given loan ; but for ten long days I got no answer. Surely, I thought, he must have got the letter, or why has it not been returned by the post-office ?

I went off to the country, and a day or two after I was glad to receive an answer from the captain telling me his whereabouts, and it was a load off my mind when I posted a cheque to his address, and a joy when, a day or two afterwards, I got a kind note acknowledging its receipt.

There was nothing very interesting on the journey from St. Michel home, as, with the ex-

ception of the day or two in Paris, we did not stop anywhere on the way, as all the trunks and baggage had been sent on by the "Messageries Imperiales" from Florence to Paris, to await us there, but by some accident they were sent by slow instead of quick train, and were on the way for ten days, and I believe did not reach Paris for about other ten after we left.

So there was no alternative but to get home as soon as possible, as ladies can go nowhere without endless changes of dress, which makes them troublesome as well as expensive "compagnons de voyage;" however, we were not sorry to be at home again, after having been away for nearly three months.

Note A, p. 11.

Before leaving, I must mention one of the prettiest girls I ever saw ; she kept a cigar-shop, which was also the post-office. Dick and I went in to see her four or five times a-day, now for a box of matches, then for a stamp, again to see if our letters were not over weight; nor were we alone in our admiration of her, the *ladies even* could not help praising her beauty. Dick afterwards saw a photograph of her, which, of course, he carried off regardless of expense.

Note B, p. 57.

Was much amused here by a rather stout lady (say 18 stone), who, before attempting the ascent, stepped aside near where we were standing, and quietly undid her garters from above a pair of rather respectable calves.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 020 152 726 0